

CHARIVARIA.

Now that the *Kniaz Potemkin* has been surrendered by the rebels, the Russian Government is determined to act with such severity as will render a repetition of the mutiny impossible, and it is thought that all those members of the crew who had been terrorised by the majority, and refused to escape when they had the opportunity to do so, will be shot.

The exploits of the *Kniaz Potemkin* led to the appearance of a torpedo-boat "manned by twenty Russian naval officers disguised as sailors." A very clever piece of masquerading.

The ships of the Black Sea Fleet, it is announced, now carry soldiers to keep the sailors in order. Should there be any trouble among the soldiers, police, we understand, will also be embarked, and the overcrowding threatens to be terrible.

The Russians have now declared Vladivostok to be impregnable. It will be remembered that some inconvenience was caused to the Russians by their omission to acquaint the Japanese in time of a similar state of affairs at Port Arthur.

It is denied that our War Office has decided to discontinue the manufacture of the new short rifle. It is a great thing to have a weapon which, if it should fall into an enemy's hands, will be of no use to him.

The Thames Conservancy Board has recommended the London County Council, in view of the fact that their steamers cannot be run to the present time-table, to adapt the same to circumstances. We understand that a certain railway company has advised the L.C.C. to stand firm and to refuse to be dictated to.

At Darwen a number of feathers have been extracted from the tail of one of the municipal peacocks, and it has become necessary to exhibit notices, "Visitors are requested not to pluck the peacocks."

Addressing the Canadian manufacturers now visiting this country, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN declared that his party would not meddle with the rest of the British Empire, but would rather concentrate their energies on such reforms as were necessary in this decrepit country of ours. This statement has led to a revival of the rumour that the Liberals are about to choose a new leader.

An Orpington man, acting on the advice of his superiors, has been shooting at motorists. He missed them all.

The Post Office authorities have issued at the price of one halfpenny "A List of the Principal Telephone Call Offices in the London Area." When such good solid reading can be obtained at such a low price, there is really no excuse for those persons who persist in purchasing trashy novels.

The announcement that, with a view to inducing young men to join the Navy, the Admiralty are considering a suggestion that warships shall periodically visit our great sea-ports leads a Birmingham gentleman to ask why the great inland towns should be left out.

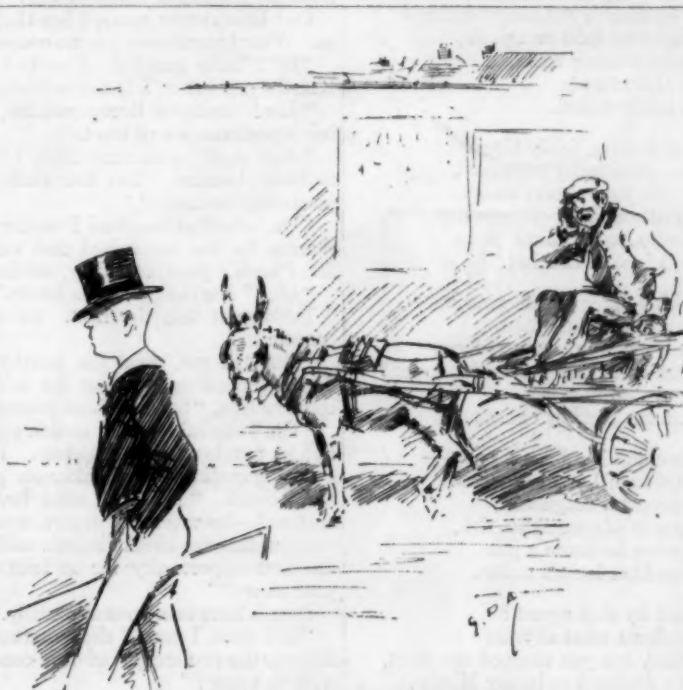
A "Bloodless Surgeon," who has been appearing on the stage of the Camberwell Theatre of Varieties, has been fined for using the abbreviation M.D. instead of his complete title of Music-hall Doctor.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the correspondence in the *Daily Mail* on "Falsehoods in Business." We are afraid that it is not only among the better class of traders that dishonesty is found. It is, for instance, not at all uncommon to hear a hawker in the streets announcing for sale "Gold watch and chain—one penny!" when, in nine cases out of ten, neither the one nor the other is made of that metal.

This is a fraud of which country cousins complain bitterly.

The statements in our halfpenny papers are not always absolutely reliable, but we think that, provided the facts are as mentioned in the first sentence of the following paragraph, which appears in a contemporary, there is every probability that the second sentence also represents the truth:—"In order to amuse his youthful companions, TOM BRAGG, aged thirteen, swallowed nine marbles at Thorverton, Devonshire. He has since been seriously ill."

The invention is announced of a machine which folds, wraps, addresses and sorts magazines. That human beings should still have to be employed to read them seems regrettable.



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

Eton and Harrow Match. Sketch outside Lord's.

and one can now understand why motorists as a body are not in love with Lord ROBERTS' scheme of "a nation of marksmen."

Many ladies and gentlemen with nice sets of teeth walk about smiling, in order that as many people as possible may observe the excellence of their ivories. Some inconvenience has now been caused to these persons, with many of whom the proceeding has become a habit, by a *dictum* of Sir OLIVER LODGE: "The more brains, the fewer teeth."

Mrs. ANNIE BESANT declares that she can now converse with the dead. Hitherto, no one has got nearer than chatting with the members of one of our most exclusive clubs.

INWARD BEAUTY.

[It appears that the fifty American ladies who are over here at the charges of a Cincinnati paper bitterly resent the rumour that they were selected on the score of external beauty. A *Daily Mail* reporter describes them as possessing, among other remarkable features, the gift of "lightning-like comprehension and a sense of humour."]

WHEN you, AMELIA, trampled on my breast,
And promised to regard me as a brother,
And went—before my wound had convalesced—
Out of your way, I thought, to wed Another,
I was too sore to see
How bountiful the gods had been to me.

But now that I have had my fevered brain
Cured of its hurt by Time's reducing blister
I can employ the language, bald and plain,
Which one adopts in dealing with a sister;
I can be almost rude
In analysing what I lately wooed.

For lo! your grace of feature, fairly Greek
(Save for the nose—admittedly *retroussé*),
Your eye of *Eau de Nil*, your cherry cheek,
Your *chevelure*, so like a shock of loose hay,
Leave me no longer blind
To your profound deficiencies of mind.

Compare yourself with yonder female swarm,
Sent here to boom a Cincinnati paper;
Think you they take a pride in outward form,
Red lips, and waxen skin, and waists that taper?
No, they are up in arms
If you impute to them such paltry charms.

On nobler gifts their claim has been reposed—
Graces of *mind*! Of such I wish to mention
One that the *Mail's* reporter diagnosed,
Namely, a rapid power of comprehension,
Which, when he made a joke,
Leapt on it like the sudden levin's stroke.

AMELIA, are you moved by that report?
I am: I recognise down what abysses
I should have stumbled, but you stopped me short,
That day when you declined to be my Missis;
Had you endorsed my plan
I should by now have been a blighted man.

I do not often jest (not by design),
But when I do it, as a special favour,
And it is like a jewel flung to swine,
And nobody discerns its subtle flavour,—
Then for a time, I own
That I mislay my suavity of tone.

But, if I played my wit before my wife
And the effect consistently miscarried,
I fear it might curtail our wedded life,
And therefore I am glad we are not married,
For never yet, I know,
Have you perceived the simplest *jeu de mot*. O. S.

Taking Our Pleasures Sadly.

The following notice appears at "The Tower," Blackpool:

JUST ARRIVED—THREE FEROCIOUS MALE

MAN-EATING TIGERS.

UNTAMEABLE! INSATIABLE!

Animals fed each day at 3.30.

THE CHARM OF THE CHARMER.

INTERVIEW WITH THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ETHELWYNNE L'ESTRANGE.

(With acknowledgments to such papers as require them.)

It was at the Premier Theatre during the interval that our Interviewer sought out Miss ETHELWYNNE L'ESTRANGE, the charming lady who is to create the rôle of the heroine in *Little Dulcie* when that diverting and altogether delightful musical medley of mirth and merriness goes to America in the autumn. Miss L'ESTRANGE was just finishing a rehearsal when our Interviewer first saw her.

"Yes," said Miss L'ESTRANGE, with a sweet little giggle, "yes, it's simply delicious, my new part. I just love it. I hope my friends in America will."

Our Interviewer assured her that they could not fail to do so. (Our Interviewer has no conscience to speak of.)

"Oh!" she gurgled, "really? That is sweet of you. But, do you know, I feel dreadfully nervous."

"Lor!" said our Representative, who remembered witnessing a performance of the lady.

"And then," continued Miss L'ESTRANGE, "it is so horrid to leave London. You are such dears over here, you're positively heavenly."

"On behalf of England I tender gratitude and illimitable thanks for the unsolicited and unmerited testimonial," said Mr. Punch's plenipotentiary, unblushingly.

"Oh!" she said, "that's lovely." Then she sighed.

Perhaps it was the heat. Or she, too, may have had a conscience.

"But tell me," said the worthy upholder of our literary dignity, possibly wishing for a change in the subject of conversation, "tell me about yourself."

"Oh," she said with a girlish simper, "actresses don't like telling people about themselves. I never do it."

The guardian of our interests gasped slightly for breath and bowed. "I know," said he, "that such is not your custom,"—he was fairly expert, don't you think?—"but won't you just for once break the rule and let readers of *Punch* have the first opportunity for at least three days past of hearing your views?"

Miss L'ESTRANGE pouted prettily.

"If I must, I must," she remarked resignedly. (One cannot dispute the profundity of this conclusion.) "What do you wish to know?"

"Firstly," said he for whom the angels must weep, "what advice do you give to the stage-struck?" (This was quite an original question to put to an actress.)

"My advice," said Miss L'ESTRANGE decisively, "is most strongly against their doing anything whatever to place themselves among the weekly features of the *Sketch*."

"Life on the stage, then, is not all nectar and ninepins?" queried our Innocent One unabashed.

"No," said Miss L'ESTRANGE, "indeed it is not. It is as much as some of us can do to appear in the supplements once a fortnight. What chance, then, has the youthful actress of gaining an *entrée* to the *Sketch's* exclusive pages?"

"None," was the murmured reply.

"Besides," said Miss L'ESTRANGE laughingly, "there's the work. Many foolish people think that the stage is all play. They forget the drudgery of being always charming, of having to graciously grant interviews to foolish journalists, to—oh! I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean to be rude."

"It is nothing," sighed our faithful ally, "I can quite appreciate your feelings. Then your advice is not to go on the stage?"

"That is my disinterested advice," she said thoughtfully. "I and some others have been successful and—"

"You want to keep all the soft jobs to yourselves," said our Representative exultingly. And so fled.



L'AMITIE OBLIGE.

MADAME LA FRANCE. "YOU'LL COME AND SEE ME THROUGH THIS RATHER DULL FUNCTION, WON'T YOU?"
MRS. BRITANNIA. "WELL, IT'S NOT MUCH IN MY LINE; BUT ANYTHING TO PLEASE YOU, MY DEAR."



Lady Visitor. "AND HOW MANY CHILDREN HAVE YOU?"
Mother. "NINE LIVING, MUM, AND FOUR MARRIED."

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

THE ZOO.

WHEN April dries the ready tear,
 And greets the world with smiling air;
 When, in a word, the weather's clear,
 And I've an afternoon to spare,
 I love to spend an hour or two
 Observing Nature at the Zoo.

It lends the intellectual mind
 A wider speculative range,
 To see on every side confined
 Wild creatures, wonderful and strange,
 Each, as Professor DARWIN proved,
 Man's cousin once or twice removed.

Touched by some antic that betrays
 The beasts' affinity to man,
 One visitor will hymn the praise
 Of Nature's well perfected plan,
 Another urge in jocund tones,
 Similitudes to BROWN or JONES.

I have remarked a stoutish gent
 Observing to the Chimpanzee,
 "But for a natural accident
 I had been you, my friend, you me."
 The ape, unskilled in fancy's flights,
 Pursued the search for parasites.

Myself, I own, am not infused
 With proper scientific awe;
 I simply go to be amused,
 To heave the well-provoked guffaw
 At the unconscious but absurd
 Appearance of some beast or bird.

Armed with a bag of cast-off buns
 I roam from cage to cage at will,
 And offer tit-bits to the ones
 I like, and those I don't get nil;
 And that profound but testy wag,
 The Dromedary, gets the bag.

I love to watch the restless run,
 The look of anxious unconcern,
 With which the captive next but one
 Impatiently awaits his turn;
 Just such a look as Counsel wears
 When briefs are coming up the stairs.

I rather like the Hartebeest,
 He wears a melancholy air,
 A countenance sublimely *triste*,
 As one who finds the world a snare;
 And yet the creature seems imbued
 With quite an appetite for food!

I'm fond of *Jack*, the Piping Crow,
 His sense of humour never fails;

You'll see him any time you go
 Pulling the parrots by their tails,
 Or gnawing with consummate joy
 Some too demonstrative small boy.

Another favourite of mine's
 The Hippopotamus, a beast
 Of solid parts, who when he dines
 Consumes a stack of hay at least;
 He seems to take an obvious pride
 In having so much room inside.

But there, one has so many friends
 Alike in feather and in fur,
 Some that perform for private ends,
 And some when sixpences occur,
 That one might warble on for aye,
 And still have several things to say.

AIGOL.

THE risks of dining just before a railway journey are insufficiently appreciated. Had the gentleman mentioned in the following passage been distent with food at the time of the accident, it is awful to think what his fate might have been. "At Cannon Street," says the *Weekly Dispatch*, "a passenger and a goods train collided. The former was fortunately empty, and there were no injuries."

"LIFE BELOW STAIRS."

Edited by Lady Faith.

[Being specimen pages of a rival organ to Lady Hope's new periodical for servants, *The Home Club Magazine*.]

Editorial.

At a time when every class has its well-conducted organ, why should servants be left out in the cold? It is this thought, dear friends, which has led me to devote days and nights and weeks to the preparation of a periodical entirely for yourselves. Hitherto you have had to read the ordinary magazines and papers containing such uncongenial matter as stories and novelettes; but henceforward you will have reading more to your taste. *Life Below Stairs* will be published every week, price twopence. Everyone can afford twopence. It is true that most papers now are only a halfpenny or a penny; but think what large tips you get (when the mistress does not—as I am told she too often does—intercept the coin), and how few your expenses are—no rent, no board and lodging, no washing, no rates and taxes. Some of you also have beer money; which seldom falls to your employers. Do not then grudge twopence for *Life Below Stairs*.

I am promised the best and most generous co-operation. Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN will write in an early number on "Channel Swimming for Domestic Servants"; Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON will review Mr. GLADSTONE's work on *Studies subsidiary to the Art of Butler*; Lady WARWICK will write on "Socialism in the Servants' Hall"; Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS on "Mr. WATTS-DUNTON's Message to Lady's maids"; Mr. CHESTERTON on "Servants our true Masters"; and there will be a poem in an early number by Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ entitled "The Tip." I am hopeful also of inducing Mr. SWINBURNE to contribute a serial novel in the form of letters.

Fashion Notes.

By Mrs. A.T.A.

A charming and inexpensive fan for a cook can be made out of yesterday's *Daily Mail*.

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White caps and aprons are again to be in fashion with parlour-maids this season.

(To be continued each week.)

My Valets.

By HALL CAINE.

In the first place I should like to say at once I was a hero to all of them. They left me only to better themselves by becoming literary agents, &c.

A good valet is not to be met with every day. He needs to have a number of qualities that are very rare. Personally I do not require my valet to shave me, having adhered to a beard

for some years, and being unwilling now to change an appearance that is not unfamiliar to my warm-hearted friends, the Great British Public; but a knowledge of shaving is very important. A valet should also understand fixing sheets of manuscript together; repairing castle chimneys when they smoke; and the principles of photography.

(To be continued.)

How to Give Notice.

A SYMPOSIUM.

[So much difference of opinion seems to prevail as to this important duty that we have asked a number of representative servants to give us their views.—Ed.]

MISS ELIZA GREEN writes:—"I always says to them, 'Then I beg to give a month,' quite polite, although not haughty. If they takes it in the spirit in which it was given, well and good; but if they are nasty I can be nasty too, I give you my word."

MISS SARAH TOMPSETT writes:—"The great thing is to give notice first, before you get it; and this means that you must be very quick. You have to learn the missis's eye. The first thing I do when they come into the kitchen is to steal a glance at their eye and act according. If it looks like mischief, I just fold my hands and say, 'I wish to leave as my health won't stand it.' 'I am very glad,' they says, 'as I was just going to give you notice myself.' But I was first. I always am."

MISS HEMILY TANTRUMS writes:—"How one gives notice does not matter very much, but *when* is important. I always like to catch them when they are happy, and burst it on them then. The young ones cry."

Rules for Waiting in England.

By WILLIAM COCKHEAD.

1. Never anticipate a want. Make the customer ask in turn for everything he requires.
2. Always say, "Coming, Sir."
3. Remember that all wine should be shaken before taken.
4. Keep on saying, "Coming, Sir."
5. Do not say "Thank you" for your tip if you don't think it large enough.
6. Never ask yourself what you are tipped for.

[Next week: "The Fallacy of French Waiting."]

Areas I Have Explored.

By SERGEANT ROBERT KITCHENER.

There is not, I suppose, any man living who has descended single-handed and at night into so many areas as I have. Never during my thirty years as a constable have I been daunted by the depth and darkness of these subterranean retreats. Hungry, cold, ay, and thirsty, I have not been deterred; I have gone down just the same, or with even more courage and purpose.

I remember the first time I adventured. I thought I heard a cry of distress and instantly was on my way down the perilous and unlit steps. I peered through a chink in the shutters, and there I saw a fat cook struggling with a cold meat pie. At one time the pie seemed to be having the best of it; at another, the cook. To enter the kitchen and come to her assistance was the work of a moment, and in a few minutes I had the pie well under and in safe custody.

(To be continued.)

Ready every Saturday night.

Life Below Stairs.

Price 2d.

TO A STOUT SHEPHERDESS.

[Watteau, at the present moment, is the only wear, but we should like to remind a certain class of modish people that it is becoming only to the slender.]

DEAR lady, are you open to a hint

As down our sober pavement you display

A costume reminiscent of a print

Of Valenciennes and shepherdesses gay?

When WATTEAU, master of Rococo art,

Depicted nymphs in pastoral disguises,

His cunning pencil only could impart

A charm to graceful shapes and slender sizes.

That saucy Watteau hat where rosebuds twine

Is not the sort a florid dame should wear,

Although tip-tilted at the proper line

Upon your own, or someone else's, hair.

Those panniers of Pompadour brocade,

That scanty skirt, although no doubt *de rigueur*,

That corsage laced, with ruffles overlaid,

Are not, I think, intended for your figure.

Go home, dear lady, lay your gauds aside,

Afflict no more your feet with Louis heels,

Wear ample garments flowing full and wide—

Take my advice, and see how nice it feels.

Accommodate your features with a veil,

And let your hat be quietly trimmed and shady;

Then, though as *shepherdess* you frankly fail,

You may be more successful as a *lady*.

A SOFT THING; OR, A NEW SAFETY METHOD OF SHAVING.—"Try our Soap. A Boon to those who shave themselves. You cannot cut yourself with our Soap!"

THE HERO AND HIS PRICE.

[The *Globe* suggests that, owing to the inconvenience caused by the difficulty of hitting upon a suitable reward for one's rescuer when one is saved from death or accident, there should be a scale of payment for heroes.]

IN Mr. Justice MOTLEY's court yesterday, JOHN SMITH, describing himself as a hero, claimed the sum of fifteen shillings from THOMAS BROWN as payment for services rendered on the 16th ult. Mr. ROBINSON, K.C., counsel for the plaintiff, briefly set forth the facts of the case. On the afternoon of the day in question the plaintiff, who was a well-known rescuer, was walking by the River Thames near Henley, when he observed defendant struggling in the water. He proceeded to dive in and bring him safely to shore. On plaintiff's demanding the usual fee (fifteen shillings and a cigarette) defendant had refused to admit his claim. It was more in the interest of his profession than for personal reasons that plaintiff, who was a wealthy man, had brought the action. If rescued men were to be allowed to evade their obligations in this manner, the profession of rescuing could not continue, and hundreds of deserving workers would be thrown into the ranks of the unemployed.

Examined by Mr. JONES, K.C., counsel for the defence, Mr. JOHN SMITH said that it was quite true that he was a wealthy man. He had been a hero for some years.

Mr. Jones. And it is a well-paid profession?

The Plaintiff. Not ill-paid. For an ordinary rescue—that is to say, if the rescuer is in his ordinary clothes—fifteen shillings is the reward. If he is in his Sunday clothes, the fee is higher. Thus, if he dives in to save a man with his frock-coat on and wearing patent-leather boots he receives a guinea and an invitation to High Tea, naming his own day. But if he happens to be wearing brown boots with his frock-coat, the invitation to High Tea is not enforced. In the eyes of the law, patent-leathers are more costly than brown boots.

Mr. Justice Motley. What boots it?

[Hysterics in Court. Officer X 45 becomes limp with laughter.]

Mr. Jones. On this occasion how were you dressed?

The Plaintiff. In my ordinary clothes.

Mr. Jones. How was your attention first attracted to the defendant's position?

The Plaintiff. I am always on the look-out. It is my profession.

Mr. Justice Motley. In fact, with you it is a case of look out and hook out, eh?

[Paroxysms of laughter.]

Mr. Jones. You are not the JOHN SMITH who pushed a little boy into the Round Pond in 1899 in order to earn the fee for rescuing him?



EVIDENT ON THE FACE OF IT.

Young Bride (showing wedding presents to friend). "AND THIS MUFF-CHAIN DEAR HARRY GAVE ME."

Friend. "HOW APPROPRIATE!"

The Plaintiff. I am not. I never rescue boys. It is not worth a busy man's while. Amateur heroes do it, I believe; but while the rate of payment is only seventeen-and-six per half-dozen no professional will touch them.

The defendant then entered the box.

Mr. Jones. Is it true, Mr. BROWN, that on the afternoon of the 16th of last month the plaintiff pulled you out of the river?

The Defendant. Yes, confound him!

Mr. Justice Motley. He found you.

[Prolonged mirth.]

Mr. Jones. Why are you annoyed?

The Defendant. Well, I was just beginning a bathe. I'd been looking forward to it all day. And no sooner had I got in than this fellow drags me out, making me swallow pints of water on the way.

Mr. Jones. You did not need his services?

The Defendant. Not a bit.

Mr. Jones. The plaintiff asserts that you were in obvious distress. He says you were splashing violently.

The Defendant. I was practising the Trudgeon stroke.

Mr. Jones. You were not sinking?

The Defendant. Not a bit of it.

Mr. Justice Motley. You can take a man to the water, but you can't make him sink.

[Loud laughter, during which Mr. Punch's Representative was carried out in a state of collapse.]

THOSE famous makers of ordnance, LORD ARMSTRONG and SIR ANDREW NOBLE, desire it to be known that Messrs. ARMSTRONG and NOBLE, whose partnership was so successful in the recent match against Somerset, have no sort of connection with their Newcastle Batteries.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN OLYMPUS.

ONE day, not so very long ago, the weather was hot in Olympus. Jupiter had done a good morning's exercise with his thunderbolts, and had afterwards amused himself by throwing off a few stray famines and pestilences from his stock of these commodities. He had then eaten a heavy mid-day meal and was now reclining in an exhausted condition and the shade of a crag. The other gods, too, had done their various duties and were tired. So were the goddesses.

"Bring me," said the King of gods, addressing the fair Hebe, "a jug of nectar, the '92, mind you, and—but no, I'm tired of nectar. Bring me something else. I want a new drink."

"We haven't got a new drink," said Hebe, who allowed herself a certain liberty in conversation with Jupiter.

"No new drink?" said Jupiter petulantly. "No new drink? And I suppose I'm not a god, and I couldn't wipe the whole lot of you out by nodding my head? Upon my word, I'm disposed to do it right now"—Jupiter had picked up a few modern expressions from a recent importation of assistant Hebes who talked through their pretty little noses—"I guess I'm tired of nectar anyway," he continued, "and that's all there is to it."

"Was there ever so unreasonable a creature?" whispered Juno very audibly.

"If I'm to be thwarted like this——" began her husband fiercely.

"Is anybody thwarting Jupiter?" asked the Queen blandly. "I've often told you all he's not to be thwarted. It simply ruins his temper."

Jupiter glared round the circle, but nobody answered.

"Mercury!" he suddenly shouted. The messenger approached with evident reluctance.

"Put on your wings at once and go below and bring me back something to drink."

"I can't spare the boy this afternoon," cried Juno. "He's got to——"

But Mercury was already gone.

First he dropped down in Germany, and he saw the whole population drinking beer.

"It's no good for Jupiter," he said. "He's putting on weight too fast as it is."

So he gave a leap, and in a moment he was in New York in a fashionable club.

"Waiter," said one of the members, "take the orders."

The cocktails shortly afterwards appeared on a tray, and Mercury drank a Martini.

"This," he said, "isn't bad, but poor old Jupiter couldn't do with it. He'd want to drink it out of a long glass, and that might ruin us all."

So he leaped again and found himself in Paris, where a smart *garçon* brought him an *absinthe*. He drank it.

"*Absinthes*," he murmured, "make the heart grow fonder. I wonder who said that. Jupiter's quite fond enough as it is. We really couldn't stand any more scandals."

So he leaped again and dropped in a London club.

A tall stout gentleman with a long grey beard was sitting on three illustrated papers and reading a fourth, while he sipped something hot out of a cup. Five other tall stout gentlemen with long grey beards were looking at him angrily and also sipping the same sort of something out of cups.

"They're the very image of old Jupiter," said Mercury. "What suits them is sure to suit him."

So he ordered a consignment of urns and kettles and teapots and cups, and saucers and tea and milk and sugar and buttered toast and lettuce sandwiches, and back he flew to Olympus.

And that is how five-o'clock tea became a popular meal in Olympus.

"My dear," said Juno shortly afterwards to Venus, "I

don't know what's come over Jupiter. He's got so tame and mild these last few days that I'd almost trust him to feed out of my hand."

"Vulcan's just the same," said Venus. "I never saw anyone so changed. Thank you. Two lumps, and just a little cream."

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

THE morn is bright, the skies are clear,
The lark awakes and Chanticleer
Explosively proclaims the anniversary
Of the glad day when I was born
This jolly world of ours t' adorn,
And be, I'm told, a terror to the nursery.

There are to whom a birthday brings
The solemn thought that Youth has wings,
Who dream of Old Age closing in around them,
And weep to think that man must grow
Old at the age of so-and-so.
(My own contemporaries, too, confound them!)

And there be those whom such a date
Serves only to infuriate,
Who find existence void, and pleasure hollow;
"Why were we ever born?" they say,
And darkly curse their natal day
As the prime cause of all they have to swallow.

Myself, I do not hold with these.
This Vale of Tears has much to please
A merry soul; if Man be born to trouble,
The fact is neither here nor there;
If Life's the Bubble they declare,
It seems a very decent sort of bubble.

Nor do I, like my craven peers,
Confess to getting on in years
Just when the joys of life are fairly started,
And mourn for my departed Youth
Merely because I'm—no, forsooth!—
I don't acknowledge that it *has* departed.

True, that the carping eye may trace
Some lines on my engaging face,
But what of them? Their cause is very simple;
I've had them for a long, long while:
These are the places where I smile,
And those—well, anyone can tell a dimple.

The polished argent of my crown
Has lost its growth of sheeny brown,
But many a head that's prematurely thinned owes
Its losses to the tropic hat.
You could not call me really fat;
Not fat—(I know, from looking into windows).

But there, what boots the outer skin?
If jocund be the heart within
The rolling years affect one very lightly;
And a hilarious turn of mind—
That and my innocence combined—
Has kept me young and eminently sprightly.

Wherefore, O pious Morn, to Thee
Be greeting! And I hope to see
Many returns, both prosperous and pleasant.
And, ere the day has gained his height,
I will perform my 'customed rite,
And go and give myself a birthday present.

DUM-DUM.



AN ACCOMMODATING PARTY.

Lady Driver. "CAN YOU SHOW US THE WAY TO GREAT MISSINGDEN, PLEASE?"

Weary Willie. "CERT'NLY, MISS, CERT'NLY. WE'RE AGOIN' THAT WAY. 'OF UP, JOE. ANYTHINK TO OBLIGE A LADY!"

A BARE SUGGESTION.

(For the Hard-worked Diner-out.)

"THE less we wear, the more we can eat," says a medical journal. This epoch-making truth has already been acted upon by the compilers of the up-to-date and well-known "Etiquette for Epicures." We beg leave to cull the following excerpts from the very latest edition of their gastronomic handbook:—

"If you are asked whether you like to take salad undressed, proceed with caution and be guided by what your host or hostess does. It requires the exercise of some little tact to know how far to venture in the matter of sartorial omission, and it is well therefore to wait for a lead and temporise, if possible, by a remark on the weather, until you have discovered whether the undressing is objective or subjective."

"The familiar postscript 'Don't dress for dinner' appended to unceremonial invitations has now acquired a still more hospitable meaning, and signifies that the fare is unlimited, and there

will be no vexatious restrictions in the nature of waistbands, etc."

"The term *Remove* on the modern menu now serves a double purpose. At this stage of the proceedings it acts as a signal for general *déshabillement*. It is not very good form to anticipate such a direction unless undress has been specially suggested in the invitation, in which case a tennis shirt and continuations will be sufficient."

"We do not recommend our readers to attempt to improve upon the refined example lately set them by an American millionaire and dine in the water (of course in University bathing costume) instead of upon an artificially blue lagoon. The newly-established Censor of Banquets may have a word to say. . . ."

"Altogether the subject of Mixed Dinner Parties is rather a ticklish one under present circumstances. There is, indeed, a feeling which is gaining strength, in favour of a reversion to the old full-dress costume. It is certainly more advisable for *débutantes*."

The Silly Season Anticipated.

FROM the following advertisement in the *Times* it looks as if the class of monster which is generally represented by the sea-serpent was already being mobilised.

BILL for the PROTECTION of the VIVISECTION of DOGS, now before Parliament.—PETITION supporting the above, now measuring nearly seven miles in length, can still be SIGNED at the Society's Offices, or will be sent post free on receipt of postcard.

The italics are by LORD STANLEY.

The Heat Wave.

FROM the instructions issued by the Manchester Corporation to those invited to assist at the recent presentation of an address to HIS MAJESTY:—"Morning dress or Uniform. (Mayors are requested to wear their chains of office only.)"

From the 1st Worcester Royal Garrison Artillery Volunteers' Orders for week ending July 15:—"Sunday.—Church Parade, 10 A.M. Dress: Busbies, Tunics, Waist Belts."



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

Bridegroom elect (purchasing the usual buttonhole). "I WANT SOME FLOWERS!"
Florist (sympathetically). "YES, SIR. A CROSS OR A WREATH?"

OTIUM MARINUM.

(By a Sea Dog-in-the-Manger.)

Nor quite three hundred miles from town,
 Nor yet profaned by week-end trippers,
 Beneath a ridge of rolling down
 With velvet strands for infant dippers,
 I've found a holiday retreat
 Adapted to a small exchequer,
 Where the dyspeptic and effete
 At once regain a healthy "pecker."

We only run to one hotel,
 We have no chef, no German waiters,
 And yet our host amazing well
 For every taste and palate caters.
 His wife's a treasure who displays
 A perfect genius for baking;
 His wines are few, but merit praise,
 And never set your temples aching.

The folk who haunt this favoured scene
 Are eminently inoffensive,

Preserving a judicious mean
 Betwixt the rowdy and the pensive.
 Their stakes at Bridge are not too high
 To lend themselves to punctual pay-
 ment;
 Their daughters do not occupy
 The livelong day in change of raiment.
 No social problems here perplex,
 No scandals lead to comment scathing;
 No raucous champions of the sex
 Discuss the question of mixed bathing.
 And, if you cannot get your Mail
 Before the setting hour of Phœbus,
 Fresh fish replace the serial tale,
 And new-laid eggs the Breakfast
 rebus.

Here are no telescopes, no touts,
 No organ-torturing invaders,
 No steam-rotated roundabouts,
 No masked mysterious serenaders.
 Nay, so uncultured is our set,
 So musically antiquated,
 That "Hiawatha" has not yet
 This peaceful region decimated.

The banjo's plunk is never heard,
 The front is void of pseudo-niggers;
 To us quite equally absurd
 Whole-hoggers are and little-piggers.
 Lapped in our lotus-eating ease,
 Far from the bounding advertiser,
 We dress exactly as we please,
 And take no thought of CZAR OR KAISER.

Nor does this list by any means
 Exhaust the sum of our resources;
 Golfers have here their choice of greens,
 And both are highly sporting courses,
 Where well-hit Haskells sweetly lie
 Untrapped by scrapes of burrowing
 bunny,
 Where sporting men for victory vie
 And not for medals or for money.

"Why not reveal," I hear you say,
 "The whereabouts of this oasis,
 And place the readers of your lay
 With you upon a favoured basis?"
 No, no, for here to play the dog-
 In-manger needs no vindication:
 I am resolved to leave *incog.*
 Such admirable isolation.

CYCLISTS descending Henley Hill will have noticed that the C.T.C.'s "Danger" board at the top of the hill is overgrown and the warning almost obliterated. A smart business firm has been quick to recognise its chance, and at the foot of the hill you may read this notice, clear and large:—"Funerals Cheaply and Completely Furnished."

"It is hopeless to expect pronouncements on the subject from War Secretaries of the type which has lately been fostered on the country."
The Globe.

It has been suggested that "fostered" is a clerical error, and should be "foisted." This is wrong. "Forstered" is, of course, what was meant.



BREECHES OF PROMISE.

ARTHUR BELFER (small tailor). "A LITTLE TOO MUCH ROOM IN THE SEAT. THEY WANT TAKING IN BY AT LEAST TWENTY-TWO INCHES."

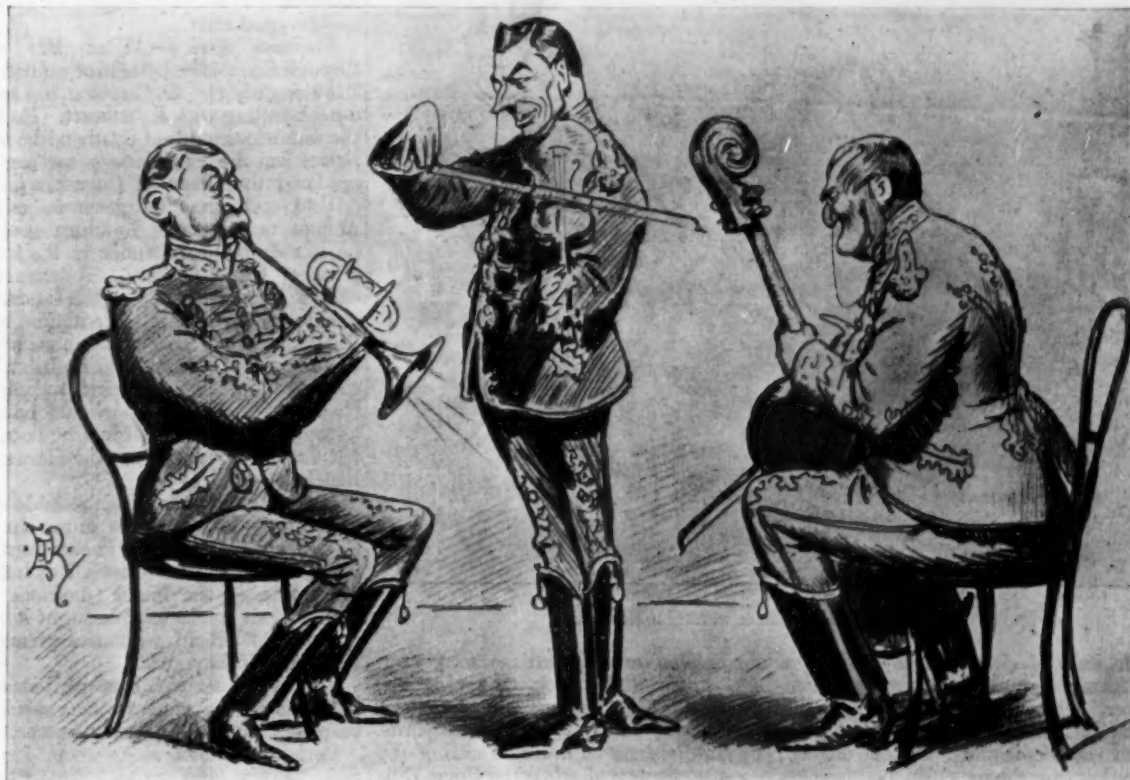
PAT. "TAKING IN, IS IT? I'VE WORN THEM FOR MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS, AND DIVIL AN INCH WILL I SPARE OFF THEM!"



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
1000 S. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



MUSIC FOR THE COMMONS.—No. 1.

THE PROTECTIONIST TRIO.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien has suggested that efficient orchestras should be provided for the Dining-rooms and Terrace of the House of Commons in order to contribute to the general harmony among Members. Why not organise these orchestras among Members themselves?

House of Lords, Monday, July 10.—Unusual gathering of noble lords; evidently something in the wind. Customary incentive for such access of interest is either rent or religion. To-night it is neither. Merely the Army.

Some weeks ago PRINCE ARTHUR delivered memorable speech in Commons, designed to dispel fear of invasion by showing how small is the force that could, in most-favoured-nation circumstances, be expected to land on our coast. Danger is, indeed, so immaterial that Volunteers may be snubbed, Yeomanry disbanded, and the Line kept down to almost imperceptible proportions. When PRINCE ARTHUR was at school he learned the elementary truth that "a line is that which has length but not breadth or thickness." Apply the principle to the British Line, and there you are.

That Young Veteran, WEMYSS, meditating on matter, has come to conclusion that on the contrary there you aren't.

To-night submitted Resolution declaring it dangerous to the realm to trust to the Navy alone for home defence. BOSS followed in speech that made even the LORD CHANCELLOR's flesh creep. An old story how with light heart we went to war with the Boers, unprepared with men and guns, meat and maps. Paid pretty dearly for the neglect and oversight that made such things possible. Millions of money wasted, thousands of men slain. For a while, through a bleak December week, the Empire seeming to totter.

But JOHN BULL doesn't cry over spilt milk. Has paid the cost of the Boer War; is going on paying it, with Income Tax at a shilling in the pound and War taxes on household bills still levied. At least, JOHN thought, the lesson had been learnt, the costly sacrifice had brought some recompense. And here to-night is BOSS, standing by the Cross Benches, solemnly declaring, on his honour as a man, his

experiences as a soldier, that the lesson of South Africa has already been forgotten.

"I have no hesitation in saying," he declared amid the pained silence of the crowded House, "that our forces to-day, notwithstanding reforms and changes of administration, are as unprepared for war as they were five years ago."

And this, after having meanwhile spent £332,000,000 taken from the pocket of the trustful tax-payer!

BOSS brought to discharge of his task no arts of oratory. When he made his first speech in the Lords he committed it to memory, observing the precaution of rolling up the typewritten sheets in imitation of a Field Marshal's *bâton*, which from time to time he waved in the direction of Woolsack. To-night he frankly read his speech from manuscript, a little too rapidly for full effect, but, there being melancholy overplusage, nobody had ground of complaint on the score of not catching every sentence.



Round the Division Lobbies with Scott-Montagu.

Habitues of either House grow case-hardened; few set speeches, by whomsoever delivered, affect their spirits, much less their appetites. To-night a cloud of depression, almost despair, hung low over the red-cushioned benches as Bobs, with level voice, unimpassioned manner, lamented an Army reduced to the minimum in number, inadequately trained, with musketry practice hopelessly limited, lacking auxiliary forces so organised as to form a sufficient and efficient reserve.

Business done.—Bobs makes a few remarks on the condition of the British Army he has occasionally led in battle.

Tuesday night.—Behind a boyish manner SCOTT-MONTAGU hides a shrewd business capacity. Knows a good opening when he sees it; finds one in the loss of time arising out of existing system of taking votes. Reckons that in a Session with its average of three hundred divisions, each occupying a quarter of an hour, bang go ten working days in perambulating the lobbies.

Old ISAAC HOLDEN who, in his eighty-fifth year, represented a Yorkshire division, took note of the bearings before SCOTT-MONTAGU left school. The sturdy octogenarian lived on an apple or two a day and, lest he should suffer from the consequences of over-feeding, made a practice of walking two miles every night before going to bed. During the recess he took his walk on the moors adjoining his Yorkshire home. Through

the Session he combined necessary exercise with public duty. Stepping the division lobbies he found the length as nearly as possible two hundred yards. Eight divisions at a single sitting (by no means unusual when the Home Rule Bill was in Committee) meant near enough to a mile. Accordingly after running up his score in the division list he had only another mile to do on his way home.

That is another story. What SCOTT-MONTAGU perceives is opening for a brisk motor-car business in the division lobbies. As soon as House is cleared for a division the car would be backed up to door. Members crowding in would be whisked down to other end and the car back again in a jiffy for a fresh load. Of course it would be a monopoly, with profits according. All the same canny SCOTT-MONTAGU is for cheap fares; say a penny, with bundles of tickets, thirteen to the dozen, to be obtained in the Whips' room at the price of a shilling.

C.B. gravely shakes his head and hopes the Government, who, what with one thing and another, have sufficient business on hand, will not encourage the project. PRINCE ARTHUR evidently attracted by it. As he says, ten days is a period equal with that allotted to Ministers for legislation. If, by the use of means of expeditious transit, half the time taken in walking through the lobbies could be saved, it might be utilised for Redistribution Resolutions,

or some trifle of that kind, for which, at present, he can afford to give only a couple of morning Sittings.

Nothing definite settled; but SCOTT-MONTAGU is to be congratulated on having made a good start.

Business done.—Aliens Bill run through Committee by help of guillotine.

Friday night.—Mr. CALDWELL has gone a-week-ending with light heart. Pacing the salubrious sands of Southend he may reflect on the conspicuous service he rendered the House of Commons on a critical occasion. Of generous mind, prompt to encourage budding genius, he has always been tender in his treatment of PRINCE ARTHUR. Towards the end of last session, when the Leader of the House in response to invitation from C.B. set forth certain arrangements for the disposal of accumulated business, he rose and publicly expressed approval. He almost hinted that he would hardly have done better himself had he been in his natural position on the Treasury Bench.

On this later occasion his attitude was minatory. The business arose out of C.B.'s springing upon PRINCE ARTHUR the ghost of EDWARD GREY's Resolution of Censure on the Fiscal Question. It was dead six weeks ago; thought it was buried, and behold, without a premonitory groan it reappears.

"I hear the right hon. gentleman's reference to the motion with a shock of surprise," murmured PRINCE ARTHUR.

Certainly cannot make room for it now. Every hour up to August 12, on or about which date prorogation must take place if the heavens fall, appropriated. Happily there was a second reading of the Appropriation Bill. Members might talk at large on that, and a division arising out of debate on Ministerial attitude on Fiscal Question would be equivalent to Vote of Censure.

Nothing else forthcoming, Opposition reluctantly disposed to accept the arrangement. Propounded by Leader of the House, it must be in order. Mr. CALDWELL knew better. A ruling from the Chair had limited debate on second reading of Appropriation Bill to subjects arising out of money voted in Supply. No public money yet voted in respect of Fiscal controversy. The half sheet of note-paper used at Manchester by PRINCE ARTHUR was his private property. Accordingly discussion suggested could not take place.

Members as usual laughed when they heard Mr. CALDWELL's argumentative voice break in on PREMIER'S discourse. But Mr. CALDWELL was right. He alone in the crowded House spotted the flaw in PRINCE ARTHUR's proposal.

Business done.—Scotch Education Bill.



MR. MUGWUMP'S MISFORTUNES.—No. 3.

(The Adventures of a Beginner.)

MR. M. RENTS SOME WATER FORMERLY FISHED ONLY BY THE TENANT FARMER, WHOM HE UNFORTUNATELY NEGLECTS TO COMPENSATE.

"THE DEVIL! DID HE MEAN ALL THAT?"

Sneer, on Lord Burleigh's head-shake in "The Critic."

A CORRESPONDENT quotes the following passage from an account of the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race:—"In passing the Grand Stand THÉRY made a sign with his hand which was taken to mean that he had been obliged to change the tyre of one of his front wheels. On the other hand" (presumably THÉRY's other hand), "it was announced that LANCIA had changed his tyres and would go on changing them in the course of each circuit, preferring thus to lose several minutes

each time rather than risk an accident." This account of the incident does not quite tally with that given by our correspondent's private secretary (a most trustworthy man), whom he sent over with instructions to wire him the progress of the Race every two minutes. He says: "In passing the Grand Stand THÉRY made a movement with his left eyebrow which was taken to mean that he had run over three hens and an old lady; that the old lady was not badly injured, but that the hens were killed, fortunately instantaneously; that he thought they had not suffered much; and that he was looking forward to being kissed by his engineer if he won."

DICKENSIAN CARR-ACTORS.

(First and, temporarily, last night of "Oliver Twist" at His Majesty's.)

AUTHOR first: actors afterwards, in order of merit. With his dramatic version of *Oliver Twist*, Mr. COMYNS CARR has achieved a signal success. Whether it was self-imposed or suggested to him, Mr. CARR has cleverly accomplished the task which, as every dramatist conversant with the old novel is probably aware, presents to the modern playwright difficulties that, at first sight, seem to be well-nigh insuperable. The first "facer" is that the story is old-fashioned; and it may be remembered that DICKENS himself, in later years, wished he had the chance of re-writing or re-constructing it. The plot is of the well-worn "transpontine"—as it used to be called when the Surrey and "the Vic." existed—melodramatic type, in which CHARLES DICKENS, though no one enjoyed its absurdities more keenly than he did, actually revelled. The lost child, the missing documents of the utmost importance—always mentioned in a general way as "papers,"—the wicked uncle, the babe in the wood, i.e., *Oliver* himself, the blood-and-thunder situations, the comic relief, the mild and virtuous heroine, the wicked but repentant woman, are all here—everyone of these and many more out of the old melodramatic store-house of the Early Victorian era.

With such commonplace material for plot, to score so great a success with a representative play-going first-night audience as did Mr. COMYNS CARR, is indeed a genuine triumph for any dramatist. It must have been for Mr. CARR the very dickens of a job. A better cast for his piece it would have been no easy matter to find to hand in any London theatre. The success of the *première* was undoubtedly scored by Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER as *Nance*, and by Mr. LYN HARDING as *Bill Sikes*. These two must be bracketed together. Mr. CARR has artistically treated the awful scene of the murder of *Nance* by *Bill Sikes*. The crime is committed out of sight, like the tortures in *La Tosca* and the terrible scene that Mr. WARNER so thrillingly described as he heard it through the telephone. Only *Fagin* is on the stage, cowering, cowardly, and diabolically vindictive. It was here that Mr. TREE was at his best, forcing upon the hushed audience the unspeakable terror of the scene.

Taken as a whole, however, Mr. TREE's *Fagin*, on this first night, was not what it will be after a few performances, when his managerial nervousness will have passed off, and, being perfect in his words, he will give full meaning to every gesture, every look, and every line. Ultimately his *Fagin* will rank with his *Scengali*.

As we shall have to return to the piece on the resumption of its run, "here break we off" for the present. But a few words more. Miss HILDA TREVELYAN as *Oliver* is certainly the "mealy-faced" boy, as Mr. HILTON, capably playing Mr. *Grimwig*, calls him, just as he is depicted by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK in his illustrations to the novel. The improbabilities of the existence of such an *Oliver* are to be charged to the original creation.

Were the monotonous idiotic laughing of *Charles Bates* considerably toned down, and were the piece somewhat relieved of the "comic relief" supposed (in keeping with the Dickensian tradition) to be afforded by the capers and

eccentric "business" of *The Dodger* and *Chitling*, and were the *Beadle* and *Mrs. Bumble* (well rendered as both these minor characters are by Mr. HAYNES and Miss KATE MILLS) omitted altogether, the First Act would play closer and would be over in forty minutes; whereas on Monday night it lasted, rather wearisomely, for one hour. The "pruning-knife" should be freely used: but whether it be so or not, when once the play has fairly started on its run, the great tragic scenes of *Sikes* and *Nance*, and of *Fagin* in the condemned cell, will attract for months to come, and will live in the memory of play-goers for a life-time.

But stay—one important character I have forgotten to mention. *Bill Sikes's* dog, *Bull's-Eye*. *Bull's-Eye* was the bright particular dog-star of this melting July night. It was, we believe, his first appearance, and, therefore, he must be dealt gently with; even *Sikes* was kind to him. Such a clean, well-fed, gentlemanly, sweet-tempered wag-tail dog! Evidently he has not yet learnt the art of "making-up." Not a sulk, not a growl, not the slightest snarl in him, and he set an excellent example—in being letter-perfect; he attempted no "gag"; not a word did he say that was not in his part. But he was no more *Sikes's* and DICKENS's *Bull's-Eye* than is Mr. *Punch's* *Toby*.

"OH DEAR! WHERE CAN THE MOTOR BE?"

SIR,—I have perused with keen interest the recent correspondence in the Press on the subject of the high-handed course pursued by Lord WINDSOR in closing Hyde Park (which His Lordship appears to imagine to be Windsor Park) to those for whose relaxation it was originally intended, namely the Great Public, who, by their industry, astuteness and integrity, have saved enough to purchase themselves motor-cars.

Now, Sir, no one has hit upon the compromise which, as it seems to me, would absolutely fit the case. Why not give the motorists *all* they want and *more*? Why not permit them to propel their machines in Hyde Park, and nowhere else? Let them whirl as they will from Marble Arch to the Magazine, from Achilles' Statue to Oxford Street, vying in perfume with the flower-beds, while, beyond the Park railings, humdrum, pettifogging pedestrians may venture forth again into the streets they used to love.

Under the proposed scheme, it would of course be impossible for the motorist to travel from his mansion to the new Elysium in his machine. But the Knightsbridge Barracks, the Albert Hall, Kensington Palace, and other suitable buildings might easily be converted into coach-houses and garages in which the Cars of the Privileged (which association of names is reminiscent of *The Seats of the Mighty* whether by GILBERT PARKER or HYDE PARKER I forget) might be conveniently stored for the night.

Should motorists require the practice and excitement to which they are accustomed in shaving past—or rollicking over—the inadvertent young, the Park custodians could be instructed occasionally to raid the various juvenile angling clubs which frequent the banks of the Serpentine, and drive their members across the track in any direction desired. "*De minimis non curat Lex*." The Law doesn't bother about very little children. Your obedient servant, SCOTT-CAPULET.



WHAT'S IN A LABEL?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, July 8.—Heat v. House. House, as far as boxes are concerned, not up to the "All-there" mark. Otherwise

satisfactory. Old Friend *Faust*, with whatever may be the new faces, always an attraction. A good performance, with Mlle. SELMA KURZ, a sweet singing *Marguerite*, and Mlle. ALTEN, a good *Siebel*. T'others as before when last mentioned.

Monday.—Première of New Opera in two acts by PUCCINI, known to fame by *La Bohème* (here we drop into poetry and out of it again immediately), entitled *Madama Butterfly*, which, if first impressions are not deceptive, is likely to become popular. The house,

on this butterfly night, naturally in a flutter of expectation. It had a regular right royal start, the KING and the QUEEN being present. The house choke-full.

As *Madama Butterfly* (*Cio-Cio-San*) Mlle. DESTINN was operatically and artistically perfect. That Mlle. DESTINN may not be quite so *petite* as *Madame Papillon* should be, is only repeating the old objection as to the impossibility of obtaining a perfect *Juliet* of sixteen years old. No better *Madama Butterfly* could just now be found than the lady who has been destin'd for the part.

Mme. G. LEJEUNE, playing the maid *Suzuki*, which is Japanese for SUSAN, is known to be so good an all-round singer, that she is instantly pardoned if, on this occasion, she was now and then just a trifle flat.

As *Kate Pinkerton*, the second wife of the volatile *Lieutenant Pinkerton* of the United States Navy, who, though an American, keeps up the good old English tradition of

a jolly tar possessing a wife at every port, Mlle. SIMEOLI, with her powerful *mezzo-soprano* voice, sang delightfully; her acting was as effective as her singing. Signor CARUSO as the gay naval officer U.S.N., in startling gold-braided blue suit, being in excellent voice, was quite the *Captain Crosstree* of old nautical drama. There is in the characters and story a certain resemblance to our light-hearted friend *The Geisha*. Perhaps, as it is a Japanese subject, with American naval characters substituted for English, the resemblance is unavoidable. Signor SCOTTI, attired in cream-coloured clothes, looked as smart as a new pin—a pin though without a point, as his name is *Sharpless*, and he represents the U.S. Consul at Nagasaki, who has to break the sad news to *Butterfly* of her husband's marriage to an American lady. This communication *Sharpless* makes with as little bluntness as possible. He sang splendidly, he acted capitally, and generally made matters as pleasant as possible for the unfortunate *Butterfly* whose wings are thus so cruelly clipped. Clever M. DUFRICHE as the *Marriage Broker* was more than satisfactory. There are many minor characters in the opera,—minor dramatically speaking and musically singing,—and all found adequate representatives. It is a sad story, a tragedy; we do not get many lively "plots" nowadays,—“for O, for O the hobby-horse is forgot!”—and therefore it is a real pleasure to record the glimpse of lightness conveyed to the scene in which a little mite appears as *Butterfly's* child, aged about three or four, who was stolidly serious throughout, as unmoved by his mother's caresses and by her grief, and only smiling



"Scotti-Viski?"

Sir Francis Blummy Pinkerton—Sig. Caruso.
Sharpless—Signor Scotti.



Sharpless (special messenger of the United States) tells Madama Butterfly of her husband's marriage.



Madama Butterfly introduces her sun-shady relations to Lieut. Sir Francis Blummy Pinkerton.

Madama Butterfly—Mlle. Destinn.



Flagging Interest.

All over! Hooray!

in genuine earnest when he, as a successful juvenile performer, took his call—this sounds like the "child's caul" but it wasn't—with all the others before the curtain. Then for the first and only time in the evening he smiled pleasantly—for was not a great load removed from his child's mind?—and, as if by sudden inspiration, nodded a cheery good-night to the audience.

The general success of all, including orchestra under Signor CAMPANINI, was decided, and we fancy this *Butterfly* will settle in the Garden.

The scenery, specially painted for this production by Mr. HARRY BROOKE, is most effective. But of this and of the excellence of certain musical details, more anon.

Wednesday.—*Matinée Farewell Benefit of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER.* Greatly regret inability to be personally present. Reported as an enormous success, this "Big Ben." at Covent Garden outdoing that at Westminster, and the belle of the occasion being the ever-charming lady of "all the talents," Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. She began years ago as one of the *Genii* in *Il Flauto Magico*, and a genius she has remained ever since. The operatic selections for this special occasion were not chosen so as to show the *bénéficiaire* to the best advantage. The task was admittedly one of considerable difficulty. It is to be hoped that the sum-total of the receipts on this occasion is an exceptionally handsome one. May Mlle. BAUERMEISTER-singer, who is probably the most retiring *artiste* ever known on the operatic stage, thoroughly enjoy her voluntary retirement. *Ad multos annos.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron thought that in *A Daughter of the Manse*, by SARAH TYTLER (JOHN LONG), he had found a novel superior to many, one indeed after his own heart. Alas! she was *A Daughter of the Manse* but not a child of a Ro-mance, and though during the greater part of the first hundred pages there was much most delightful reading, principally of artistically descriptive writing, and though "The Mystery of Benji" suggested coming struggles and sensational complications, yet these hopes are never realised, and not even by the employment of those faithful and experienced servitors, The Skipper and his Boy, could the Baron's early aroused interest in the story and its characters be sustained or revived. Other readers may have better luck.

MR. JEROME'S *Idle Ideas* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is an attractive title in this Indian-like summer season to anyone who with time at his disposal is at perfect liberty to lazy away an afternoon *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, or lounging in a boat rocked occasionally by the swell of a swift launch or laborious barge. Some of the "fugitive" pieces, as the Baron supposes them to be, here collected in a volume, are sufficiently amusing for the idle man, who, cradled as above imagined, will not risk being upset by any overpowering outburst of irrepressibly Homeric laughter at such playfully amusing papers as "Why don't he marry the girl?" and "Should soldiers be polite?" In "Are we as interesting as we think we are?"—where the style is pleasingly reminiscent of a certain little book entitled *Happy Thoughts*—the author mentions the late Mr. CORNEY GRAIN as wearing an eyeglass. "CORNEY fixed his eyeglass and walked to the window." The Baron, who was on most intimate terms with "DICK" GRAIN from the time of his first appearance in public up to the last, cannot recall any time when he took to wearing an eyeglass. It certainly was not characteristic of him.

IN *A Lost Cause* (JOHN LONG) its author, GUY THORNE, writing as, apparently, a strong partisan of the ultra-ritualistic party in the Church of England, depicts certain types of clergymen belonging to that extreme section. As

to whether fact or fancy may predominate in these cleverly and amusingly executed presentments, the Baron, being unfamiliar with the specimens in actual life, is not competent to decide. But he is able to aver, from his own personal knowledge, that the specimen given by the author of the broad-minded Vicar who, being inclined to recognise what is essentially good in all schools of thought, is disgusted with the uncharitableness of certain lay representatives of the ultra-Protestant party in the English Church, is a picture, drawn without exaggeration, that will recommend itself even to those who may care little or nothing about such matters. The author also satirically and amusingly depicts scenes in the *vie intime* of the Low Church or Evangelical agitator, with whose public methods, leading to "brawling" in church, newspaper reports have long ago familiarised us. One of these scenes, where the agitator and his son examine a list of subscriptions to "the Cause," will probably recall to many the signatures to a somewhat similar document that Secretary GASHFORD read out loud to his patron Lord GEORGE GORDON, the crack-brained leader of the "No Popery" party. The ordinary reader, unversed in the questions that agitate the legally established Church of England, coming upon allusions to and descriptions of the common practice taking place within her pale of such rites and ceremonies as he had innocently supposed to be distinctive of the Roman Catholic Church, will rub his eyes and inquire, "Are there visions about?" As a novel *A Lost Cause* is meagre in plot and lacking in powerful dramatic situations, except in the last chapter, when, accompanied by a self-effacing ritualistic nobleman, His Grace of Canterbury looms large on the scene, and with an awful severity, far exceeding that of INGOLDSBY'S Cardinal, who

"with a dignified look

Called for his candle, his bell, and his book,"

asserts his authority over the unhappy leader of "the Luther League," who shrinks "from the terrible old man," and "with shaking hands" takes from his pocket a bunch of keys, which "he dropped from the floor"—presumably a misprint for "on the floor." There is, by way probably of concession to the uneclesiastical novel-reader, a slight love interest which, commencing rather late in the story, culminates in the marriage of the broad-minded (gradually narrowing) Vicar Carr and Lucy Blantyre, who is described as "pure but not virginal in temperament," and as one "whose nature needed the complement of a husband." So Lucy, with her Carr, starts on the Honeymoon road to happiness, a goal which it may be hoped the united couple ultimately reached in perfect safety without so pressing the pace as to call for police interference. We do not have many specially clerical novels nowadays, and, though this cannot be mentioned in the same breath with TROLLOPE'S dear old *Barchester Towers*, yet, as being brightly written, and, if a true picture of certain very modern ultra-ritualistic Anglican clergy, certainly instructive, the Baron thinks he may venture to recommend it to those among his followers for whom the sensational romance, or the purely sporting novel, offers little attraction.

THE BARON



Fiat experimentum in corpore vill.

FROM a Treatise on Practical Chemistry:—"Chlorine gas has a most injurious effect upon the human system. The following experiments should only be performed therefore by a teacher."